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'Indeed I'd be very sorry to do the likes behind any one's back. You must come to-morrow and see it measured.'

'Not I, 'pon my sowkins,' sed the king: 'do ye think me so mane as to doubt yer word?'

'Pho! pho!' sed the queen, 'such a taste is not worth talkin' ov; but, just to honour ye, we shall attind in state to-morrow. Sit down.'

She took up her station betune the king an' queen: the purty side ov her face was next the king, an' the ugly side next the queen.

'I can't be jealous ov you, at any rate,' sed the queen to herself, as she never saw her veil off before.

'Oh, murther!' sez the king, 'what a pity ye're a saint, and Dorah to be alive. Such a beauty!'

Just as he was starin', the queen happened to look over at a looking-glass, in which she saw Biddy's pretty side.

'Hem!' sez she, sippin' her cup. 'Dermot,' sez she, 'it's very much out ov manners to be stuck with ladies at their tay. Go take a shaugh ov the dhudheen, while we talk over some affairs ov state.'

Begor, sur, the king was glad ov the excuse to lave them together, in the hopes St Bridget would convart his wife.

Well, sur, whatever discourse they had, I disremember, but the queen came down in great humour to wish the saint good night, an' promised to be on the road the next day to Kildare.

'Faix,' sez the saint, 'I was nigh forgettin' my gentility to wish the king good night. Where is he?'

'Augh, and shure myself doesn't know, barrin' he's in the kitchen.'

'In the kitchen!' exclaimed the saint; 'oh fie!'

'Ay, indeed, just cock yer eye,' sez the queen, 'to the key-hole: that dhudheen is his excuse. I can't keep a maid for him.'

'Oh! is that the way with him?—never fear: I'll make his pinance purty sharp for that. At any rate call him out an' let us part in friends.'

So, sur, after all the compliments wor passed, the king sed he should go see her a bit ov the road, as it was late: so off he went. The moon had just got up, an' he walked alongside the saint at the ugly side; but when he looked round to praise her, an' pay her a little compliment, he got sich a fright that he'd take his oath it wasn't her at all, so he was glad to get back to the queen.

Well, sur, next morning the queen ordered the long car to be got ready, with plenty ov clean straw in it, as in those times they had no coaches; then regulated her life guards, twelve to ride before and twelve behind, the king at one side and the chief butler at the other, for without the butler she couldn't do at all, as every mile she had to stop the whole retinue till she'd get refreshment. In the meantime, St Bridget placed her nuns twenty-one miles round the Curragh. At last the thrumpet sounded, which gave notice that the king was coming. As soon as they halted, six men lifted the queen up on the throne, which they brought with them on the long car. The king ov coarse got up by her side.

'Well, Dorah,' sez he in a whisper, 'what a laugh we'll have at Biddy, with her shawl!'

'I don't know that neither,' sez the queen. 'It looks as thick as Finnecool's boulder, as it hangs over her shoulder.'

'God save yer highness,' sed the saint, as she kem up to them. 'Why, ye sted mighty long. I had a snack ready for ye at one o'clock.'

'Och, it's no matter,' sez the queen; 'measure yer bit ov ground, and we then can have it in comfort.'

So with that St Bridget threw down her shawl, which she had cunningly folded up.

Now, sur, this shawl was made ov fine sewin' silk, all network, each mesh six feet square, and tuck thirty-six pounds ov silk, and employed six hundred and sixty nuns for three months making it.

Well, sur, as I sed afore, she threw it on the ground.

'Here, Judy Conway, run to Biddy Conroy with this corner, an' let her make aff in the direckshin ov Kildare, an' be shure she runs the corner into the *mon'stery*. Here, you, Nelly Murphy, make off to Kilcullen; an' you, Katty Farrel, away with you to Ballysax; an' you, Nelly Doye, away to Arthgarvan; an' you, Rose Regan, in the direckshin ov Connell; an' you, Ellen Fogarty, away in the road to Maddenstown; an' you, Jenny Purcel, away to Airfield. Just hand it from one to t'other.'

So givin' three claps ov her hand, off they set like hounds,

an' in a minnit ye'd think a haul ov nuns wor cotched in the net.

'Oh, millia murther!' sez the queen, 'she's stretchin' it over my daughter's ground.'

'Oh, blud-an-turf!' sez the king, 'now she's stretchin' it over my son's ground. Galong, ye set ov *thaulabawns*, sed he to his life-guards; 'galong, I say, an' stop her, else she'll cover all my dominions.'

'Oh fie, yer honour,' sez the chief butler; 'if you break yer word, I'm not shure ov my wages.'

Well behold ye, sur, in less than two hours Saint Bridget had the whole Curragh covered.

'Now see what a purty kittle of fish you've made ov it!' sez the queen.

'No, but it's you, Mrs Queen O'Dermot, 'twas you agreed to this.'

'Ger out, ye ould bosthoon,' sez the queen, 'ye deserve it all: ye might aisy guess that she'd chouse ye. Shure iv ye had a grain ov sinse, ye might recollect how yer cousin King O'Toole was choused by Saint Kavin out ov all his ground, by the saint stuffin' a lump ov a crow into the belly ov the ould goose.'

'Well, Dorah, never mind; if she makes a hole, I have a peg for it. Now, Biddy,' sez he, 'though I gave ye the ground, I forgot to tell ye that I only give it for a certain time. I now tell ye from this day forward you shall only have it while ye keep yer fire in.'

Here I lost the remainder of his discourse by my ill manners. I got so familiar with Mr Mowlds, and so interested with his story, that I forgot my politeness.

'And what about the fire, PAT?' said I, without consideration.

Before I could recollect the offence, he turned on me with the eyes of a maniac—

'The dhoul whisper nollege into your ear. *Pat!*—(hum) —*Pat!*—*Pat!*—this is freedom, with all my heart.'

So saying, he strode away, muttering something between his teeth. However, I hope again to meet him, when I shall be a little more cautious in my address.

### THE ELECTROTYPE.

AN elaborate and very lucid article on the Electrotpe and Daguerreotype, being a review of "An Account of Experiments in Electricity made by Thomas Spencer—Annals of Electricity, January 1840," and of the account of M. Daguerre's discovery of Photogenic Drawing as published by himself, has appeared in that excellent work "The Westminster Review" for September. Our space not allowing us to enter so fully into details as our admirable contemporary, we present our readers with as concise an article as the nature of the subject will permit, confining ourselves for the present to the Electrotpe, as being less generally known, though not less curious.

The electrotpe is another instance of the application of invisible elements to the uses of man, by which powers and influences, of whose nature he is as yet wholly ignorant, are made subservient to his purposes, and obedient to his rule.

To define accurately what electricity is, would be, as yet at least, impossible. Many conjectures have been, are, and will be hazarded, but the knowledge of its production, power, and effects, is only in its infancy, and so full of promise of a gigantic growth, that time will be better spent in its cultivation than in debating upon what it is.

The truth of this proposition is fully borne out by the subject of our present paper; for whilst many scientific men have been exhausting their energies in the production of plausible theories upon the nature of the electric fluid, other more matter-of-fact philosophers have addressed themselves to its application; and whilst some of these devote themselves to the development of its motive powers, in the well-founded hope of its superseding steam, others press its services to far different uses. Amongst the last, Mr Spencer holds a foremost place.

Before entering into the description of the electrotpe, we must say a few words on the subject of electricity to the less informed of our readers. The electric fluid, as it is called, may be produced in various ways: the most ordinary is by the friction of glass against silk, as exemplified in the electrical machine, which is familiar to almost every one. But galvanic and voltaic electricity is differently produced. In all cases its production is the consequence of combination,

but particularly in the galvanic battery and voltaic circle. The latter, being Mr Spencer's apparatus, we shall briefly describe.

An ordinary voltaic circle is formed by a plate of zinc and another of copper being placed upright in a vessel containing acid or a saline solution. Zinc is more oxidisable than copper, that is, it has a greater affinity to, or inclination to unite itself with, the gas called oxygen, the combination of which with the particles of metal produces that appearance which is called "rust." Whilst the zinc and copper are separate, the oxygen of the fluid operates upon both; but if they are united by means of a wire connected with each, the oxygen forsakes the copper altogether, and proceeds with increased force to unite with the zinc, and a current of electricity is immediately formed, which proceeds from the zinc plate through the fluid medium to the copper, thence along the connecting wire to the zinc, and thence round again in a constant circulating stream, until the zinc has been entirely decomposed, or oxidised.

Electricity being thus produced by combination, its progress and effects are marked by a wonderful power of separation or decomposition, which it exerts upon substances brought within the circle; and this is the power which Mr Spencer has turned to his use, the great object which he has at present in view being the multiplication of engraved plates of copper for the purpose of printing from.

Every person who has seen metal of any description in a state of fusion, must have remarked that it never forms a thin fluid such as water, capable of insinuating itself into the smallest interstices, but is what would be called *thick* even at the fiercest heat, consequently incapable of entering into such fine scratches as are necessary to be accurately and clearly defined upon an engraved plate. Again, the contraction and expansion of all metals by the application of heat and cold, would offer an almost insuperable bar to the utility of casting, even if the fusion could be rendered perfect. But the application of electricity removes all the inconveniences, and opens a new field of science.

Mr Spencer's apparatus consists of an earthenware vessel, in which is suspended another, much smaller, of earthenware or wood, with a bottom formed of plaster-of-Paris. Into the larger vessel is poured a saturated solution of copper (the copper being dissolved in sulphuric acid) sufficient to rise up along the sides of the lesser one, which is filled with the acid or saline solution intended to operate upon the zinc. The plaster-of-Paris being very porous, allows the two liquids to meet in its cells, but prevents them from mixing; by permitting them to meet, however, the current of electricity is enabled to circulate through all. In the larger vessel, and beneath the bottom of the smaller one, is placed the copper plate from which the cast is to be taken, or upon which the pattern is to be raised. It is suspended by the wire, which is to connect it with the zinc, being fixed on the edge of the inner vessel, in which is the zinc plate, suspended by its connecting wire. The two wires are then brought into contact, fixed together by a screw, and the voltaic circle is complete. The acid in the upper vessel attacks the zinc, the electric current descends through the plaster bottom, thence through the solution of copper, where its separating or decomposing power is brought into operation, causing the infinitely minute particles of copper suspended in the solution to separate from the sulphuric acid, and descend upon the plate, through which itself proceeds to the wire, and so round again.

Now, here is probably the most wonderful part of the process. It is only on the copper plate that the particles of copper, disengaged from the solution, will descend and settle. If the copper be varnished, or covered with a coat of wax, they will not deposit themselves or go together at all; but where they find the clean surface of the metal, they at once not only settle, but fix and adjust themselves in their proper forms, building up as it were a metal structure, not eccentric or uneven, but forming a correct plate of new metal, so pure, so hard, and so free from defect or extraneous matter, that engravers prefer copper plates thus formed to any other for working upon. But the perfection of this operation consists in the wonderful accuracy with which the finest lines of the most beautiful engravings are copied: the particles which float in the solution are so indefinitely small, that they can enter into the finest cuts, the slightest scratches; and as they undergo no process of heating or cooling, their form is in no-wise altered.

We have already observed, that if the plate of metal be covered, even with varnish, the particles will not descend or

form upon it; nevertheless, if some slight substance be not interposed, the depositing particles adhere so firmly to it as to be inseparable, and it is upon this property that one of the processes—that of engraving in relief on a plate of copper—entirely depends for success. When a cast of an engraved plate is required, the plate must be coated with bee's-wax, mixed with a little spirits of turpentine. It is laid on the plate in a lump and melted, and when just cooling is wiped off, when, although apparently clean, enough remains to interpose between the new and original plates, and prevent a too strong cohesion. It is not necessary that the engraved plate should be copper: it may be for instance lead or type metal, in which case it need not be waxed, as the application of heat, expanding the metals unequally, causes them at once to start asunder.

A piece of wire having been soldered to the back of the plate, its back and edges should be covered with a double coat of thick varnish, or it may be embedded in a box with plaster-of-Paris or Roman cement. This precaution is necessary, to prevent the plate from being inclosed, and to limit the deposition to a proper extent.

It may now be suspended in the apparatus, and the wires being placed in contact, the operation begins. Particle by particle the new metal is formed, until the plate is of sufficient thickness, when it is withdrawn, and heat being applied, the two plates are separated, one being the exact counterpart, in relief, of the other. Care must be taken in all cases to change the solution of copper frequently, for by merely adding, the separated particles of the sulphuric acid would accumulate to such extent as to mar or injure the operation.

From the plate thus formed in relief, as many casts as may be required can be obtained, by making it the mould.

To copy or multiply medals and coins the operation is very simple, for a mould can be easily obtained by compressing the medal or coin between two plates of milled sheet lead, and by varnishing the lead round the impression, the deposit will be formed in the hollow only; and for this purpose a very simple apparatus will suffice, and one that may be very easily made. For the outer vessel an ordinary glass tumbler or finger-bowl will answer; and for the inner, a cylindrical glass-glass, having a bottom made of plaster-of-Paris. The solution of copper being in the tumbler, and the acid with the zinc in the glass-glass, the mould should be suspended by its conducting wire between the bottoms, the wire of the zinc connected with it, and the operation will proceed. In all cases it must be observed that the edge of the mould should be up, as, if it be placed horizontally, extraneous substances, sinking by their own weight, may be deposited upon it.

To produce a raised design upon a plate of copper, or as it is rather erroneously styled, "Engraving in Relief," the operation is thus performed:—

The plate upon which the design is to be raised having had the conducting wire soldered to it, is covered with a coat of wax about one-eighth of an inch or less in thickness, and upon the surface of this coat the design is drawn. With a graver, the end of which must be of the form of a thin parallelogram, so as to make grooves in the wax equally broad at the bottom as at the top, the lines of the drawing are to be carefully cut down to the plate; care being taken that the plate is perfectly cleaned throughout each line, and also that the grooves are not narrower at the bottom than at the top. In order to lay the surface of the copper at the bottom of the grooves perfectly bare, the plate must be immersed in diluted nitric acid (three parts of water to one of acid), and the particles of wax that may have escaped the graver are driven off by the fumes of the acid. The plate is then placed in the apparatus, the circle closed as before, and the operation commences. As the particles of copper require a metallic base, they avoid the wax and seek the metal in the grooves; they there attach themselves to it, and to each other, until the hollows are quite filled up, when the plate is removed. If the surfaces of the ridges thus built up be not perfectly smooth, a piece of pumice stone or smooth flag, with water, being rubbed to them, will soon reduce them, after which the wax can be melted and cleaned off with spirits of turpentine; and so firm is this formation of metal thus raised, both in the adherence of its particles to each other and to the original plate, that it may be printed from at any ordinary printing-press.

One general remark applies to the production of electrotypes of copper, and it is, that the strength and solidity of the formation depends upon the slowness and deliberation of the process. The more slowly and deliberately the particles separate from the solution and proceed to their places, the more

fitly they appear to take them up, and the more firmly they adhere; whilst on the contrary, if the operation be hurried, the metal is brittle, so much so as sometimes to powder under an ordinary pressure. The thicker and finer the partition of plaster between the two fluids, the more slightly are they connected, and consequently the slower is the circulation of the electricity. The proper length of time to be allowed for the process varies according to the nature of the work, and the strength or solidity required. Forty-eight hours seems to be the least time for forming a design in relief, and somewhat more than a week for a plate with sunk lines.

The laws which govern matter are mysterious. The entire of this process is so wonderful, that to descant upon it would be unnecessary; and, after all, it is but another step taken upon the path of science, each advance upon which, whilst disclosing new scenes and greater wonders, is only the needful preliminary to another which will display yet more!

N.

## THE FIELD OF KUNNERSDORF.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.)

Day is exiled from the bowers of Twilight;  
 Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood;  
 And the stars, as on a dark-stained skylight,  
 Glass their ancient glory in the flood.  
 Let me here, where nightwinds through the yew sing,  
 Where the moon is chary of her beams,  
 Consecrate an hour to mournful musing  
 Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.  
 Pines and yews! envelope me in deeper,  
 Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,  
 While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,  
 Gloomily above my head ye wave!  
 Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder  
 Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls—  
 Let my sad imagination ponder  
 Over Kunnorsdorf,\* that Place of Skulls!

Dost thou re-illumine these wastes, O Summer?  
 Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers?  
 Will the wild bee come again a hummer  
 Here, within the houses of thy flowers?  
 Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water  
 This Aceldema, this human soil,  
 Since that dark day of redundant slaughter  
 When the blood of men flowed here like oil?  
 Ah, yes! Nature, and Thou, God of Nature,  
 Ye are ever bounteous!—Man alone,  
 Man it is whose frenzies desolate your  
 World, and make it in sad truth his own!

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors—  
 Master of *thy* World, thou wert too great!  
 Heaven had need to stablish curbing-barriers  
 'Gainst thine inroads on the World of Fate!  
 O, could all thy coronals of splendour  
 Duple thy memory of that ghastly day?  
 Could the Muses, could the Graces† render  
 Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way?  
 No! the accusing blood-gouts ever trickle  
 Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown!  
 Men fell here, as corn before the sickle,  
 Fell, to aggrandise thy false renown!  
 Here the veteran drooped beside the springald,  
 Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line—  
 Here crushed Hope and gasping Valour mingled,  
 And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine!

What and wherefore is this doom funeral?  
 Whence this Tide of Being's flow and ebb?  
 Why rends Destiny the fine material  
 Of Existence's divinest web?  
 Vainly ask we!—Dim age calls to dim age—  
 Answer, save an echo, cometh none—  
 Here stands Man, of Life in Death an image,  
 There, invisibly, The Living One!

Storm-clouds lour and muster in the Distance—  
 While, begirt with wrecks by sea and land,

Time, upon the far shore of Existence,  
 Counts each wavedrop swallowed by the sand.  
 Generation chases generation,  
 Downbowed by the same tremendous yoke—  
 No cessation, and no explication—  
 Birth—*Life*—Death;—the Stillness—*Flash*—and  
 Smoke!

Here, then, Frederick, formidable Sovereign!  
 Here in presence of these whitened bones,  
 Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern  
 So, that Men may learn to reverence Thrones!  
 O! repudiate bloodbought fame, and hearken  
 To the myriad witness-voicéd Dead,  
 Ere the Sternness‡ shall lay down to darken  
 In the Silentness|| thy crownless head!  
 Shudder at the dire phantasmagory  
 Of the Slain who perished here by thee,  
 And abhor all future wreaths of glory  
 Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree!

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel—  
*Hero* is a poor exchange for *Man*;  
 Adds lurk in green spots: such the moral  
 Taught by History since her school began.  
 Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,  
 Bayazet§ expiring in his cage,  
 All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,  
 Preach the same sad homily each age.  
 One drugged winecup dealt with Alexander,  
 And his satraps scarce had shared afresh  
 Half the empires of the World-Commander,  
 Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh.

Though the rill roll down from Life's green mountain  
 Bright through festal dells of youthful days,  
 Soon the waters of that glancing fountain  
 In the Vale of Years must moult its rays.  
 There the pilgrim, on the bridge that, bounding  
 Life's domain, frontiers the wolds of Death,  
 Startled, for the first time hears resounding  
 From Eternity a Voice which saith—  
 "ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND WITHER—  
 Lo! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE,  
 AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE HIM  
 THITHER,  
 BE HE CURTAINED ROUND WITH GLOOM OR GLARE."  
 M.

‡ Death.

|| The Grave.

§ Bajazet II.

## FINE LADS.

WE have a mortal aversion to fine lads. And, wherefore, pray? Why, because in nine cases out of ten, if not positively in every case, they are the dullest and most insipid of all human beings: they are good, inoffensive creatures, certainly, but oh, they are dreadful bores! If you doubt it, just you take an hour of a fine lad's company, with nobody present but yourselves. Shut yourself up in a room with him for that space of time, and if you don't ever after, as long as you live, stand in dread and awe of the society of fine lads, you must be differently constituted from other men, and amongst other rare gifts must possess that of being bore-proof.

But, pray, what after all is a fine lad? To the possession of what quality or qualities is he indebted for this very amiable sort of character?

Why, these are questions which, like many others, are much more easily put than answered. But, speaking from our own knowledge and experience, we should say that it is not the presence, but the absence—the entire absence of every quality, good, bad, and indifferent, that constitutes the fine lad; and hence his intolerable insipidity.

The fine lad is a blank, a cipher, a vacuum, a nonentity, a ring without a circumference, a footless stocking without a leg. In disposition he is neither sweet, sour, nor bitter; in temper, neither hot nor cold; in spirit, neither merry nor sad. He is in fact, so far as any thing positive can be said of him, a mere concentration of negatives. In person he is neither long nor short, neither fat nor lean, neither stout nor slender. There must in short be a total absence of all meaning, all expression, all character, in the happy individual whom every body will agree in calling a fine lad.

\* A village near Frankfort on the Oder, in which Frederick the Great was defeated on the 12th August 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

† An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits